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MISSOURIANS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

BY WALTER B. STEVENS

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Walter B. Stevens

Missourians One Hundred Years Ago

By Walter B. Stevens
President of the State Historical Society of Missouri

In Commemoration of Missouri's
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Author

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MISSOURIANS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY WALTER B. STEVENS.

The 40,000 Missourians of one hundred years ago presented to Congress on the 8th of January, 1818, their petitions asking statehood. To them that date was significant. It was the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans. Missourians had contributed in no small degree to the overwhelming defeat of Packenham's army. A munition maker from Missouri was in New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1815, with Missouri-made bullets and buckshot for Jackson's army. From another Missourian Jackson took in considerable part, the cotton bales behind which the Americans were protected as they swept the ranks of redcoats. Missouri's first great demonstration of loyalty to the United States followed the receipt of the news of Jackson's victory. When, just three years later, the petitions praying for statehood were ready, it seemed to the patriotic Missourians that no better date than "Andrew Jackson's Day" could be chosen to announce their claim to admission into the Union. And on the 8th of January, 1818, John Scott, the sturdy Delegate from the Territory of Missouri, arose from his seat and offered the petitions.

The Annals of Congress make only mention of this momentous Act of Delegate Scott, but a copy in entirety of the petitions, which were alike, is given in Shoemaker's "Missouri's Struggle for Statehood." The memorial was a masterly composition, dignified, concise and forceful. It is well worth reading by this generation of Missourians. It set forth:

"That your petitioners live within that part of the Territory of Missouri, which lies between the latitude 36 degrees 30 minutes South and 40 degrees North, and between the Mississippi river to the East and the Osage boundary line to the West. They pray that they may be admitted into the Union of the states within these limits.

"They conceive that their numbers entitle them to the benefits and the rank of state government. Taking the progressive increase during former years, as a basis of the calculation, they estimate their present numbers at upwards of 40,000 souls. Tennessee, Ohio, and the Mississippi state were admitted with smaller numbers, and the Treaty of Cession guarantees this great privilege to your petitioners as soon as it can be granted under the principles of the Federal Constitution. They have passed eight years in the first grade of territorial government, five in the second; they have evinced their attachment to the honour and integrity of the Union during the late war, and they, with deference, urge their right to become a member of the great Republic.

"They forbear to dilate upon the evils of the territorial government, but will barely name, among the grievances of this condition—

"1. That they have no vote in your honorable body, and yet are subject to the indirect taxes imposed by you.

"2. That the *veto* of the territorial executive is absolute upon the acts of the territorial legislature.

"3. That the superior court is constructed on principles unheard of in any other system of jurisprudence, having primary cognizance of almost every controversy, civil and criminal, and subject to correction by no other tribunal!

"4. That the powers of the territorial legislature are limited in the passage of laws of local nature, owing to the paramount authority of Congress to legislate upon the same subject.

"The boundaries which they solicit for the future state, they believe to be the most reasonable and proper that can be devised. The southern limit will be an extension of the line that divides Virginia and North Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky. The northern will correspond nearly with the north limit of the territory of Illinois and with the Indian boundary line, near the mouth of the River Des Moines. A front of three and one-half degrees upon the Mississippi will be left to the South, to form the territory of Arkansas, with the River Arkansas traversing its center. A front three and one-half degrees more, upon a medium depth of 200 hundred miles, with the Missouri River in the center, will form the State of Missouri. Another front of equal extent, embracing the great River St. Pierre, will remain above, to form another state, at some future day.

"The boundaries, as solicited, will include all the country to the north and west to which the Indian title has been extinguished.

"They will include the body of the population.

"They will make the Missouri River the center, and not the boundary of the state.

"Your petitioners deprecate the idea of making the civil divisions of the states to correspond with the natural divisions of the country. Such divisions will promote that tendency to separate, which it is the policy of the Union to counteract.

"The above described boundaries are adapted to the localities of the country.

"The woodland districts are found towards the great rivers. The interior is composed of vast regions of naked and sterile plains, stretching to the Shining Mountains. The states must have large fronts upon the Mississippi, to prevent themselves from being carried into these deserts.—

"Besides, the country north and south of the Missouri is necessary each to the other, the former possessing a rich soil destitute of minerals, the latter abounding in mines of lead and iron, and thinly sprinkled with spots of ground fit for cultivation.

"Your petitioners hope that their voice may have some weight in the division of their own country, and in the formation of their state boundaries; and that statesmen, ignorant of its localities, may not undertake to cut up their territory with fanciful divisions which may look handsome on paper, but must be ruinous in effect.

"And your petitioners will pray, &c.

In November, 1809, this notice appeared in the Gazette, informing the Missouri public of the inauguration of a new industry:

"John N. Maclot having completed the erection of his Shot Tower at Herculaneum,—the first in the West,—gives notice to his friends and public that he will manufacture lead into drop-shot on reasonable terms."

More than half a century after this announcement, the scaffolding of the tower still projected over the edge of the limestone cliff. Travelers on the boats approaching or leaving St. Louis were told the story of this early enterprise.

John Nicholas Maclot was from Metz. He was in Paris just before the French Revolution. Suspected of republican sentiments, he suffered imprisonment in the Bastile. When released he came to this country. After some mercantile experience in Philadelphia, he came to St. Louis with a stock of goods the year of American occupation. The opportunity to make shot appealed to his inventive mind and he went down to Herculaneum, a new settlement which Moses Austin, the Connecticut pioneer was establishing. Austin was working the lead mines at Potosi. He proposed to make Herculaneum on the river the shipping point for the mines. Just

below the town was a very high and overhanging cliff. To Maclot the conditions suggested an ideal location for a shot-tower provided by nature. About all that was needed was to build on the edge of the cliff the place to melt and drop the lead with the proper receptacle at the base of the cliff.

This was the first shot-making establishment west of Pittsburg. Maclot continued his manufacture some years. He dropped from the Herculaneum cliff the lead which made buckshot and bullets for the American armies in the War of 1812. When the Battle of New Orleans was fought Mr. Maclot was there. He got off a letter to Mr. Cabanne in St. Louis. This was what he wrote:

"The enemy have re-embarked leaving their wounded and prisoners. They landed 9,966 men. After the action, 1,906 were missing in the next morning's report. They acknowledged a loss in the various engagements of over 3,600. Their total loss may be put down at 4,000."

Mr. Cabanne carried the letter to Colonel Charless. The Gazette came out with the glorious news. That night St. Louis illuminated. At least one candle burned in every window of the town "in honor of the brilliant success of the American arms at New Orleans," as Colonel Charless put it.

Maclot was the son of John Maclot de Coligny. He came of good family in Loraine. He rendered the country of his adoption great service. Like several other pioneers of St. Louis, he did not have the fortune to hand down his family name, although he left descendants. He married a daughter of Charles Gratiot, Marie Therese, named in honor of her grandmother, Madame Chouteau. Two daughters of Maclot became the wives of Henry A. Thomson of the United States Army, and Pierre A. Berthold. Two daughters by a second wife, who was Miss Mathieu of Philadelphia, became Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Weston. A St. Louis descendant of Maclot is serving in the American army today.

John Mullanphy of Missouri was in New Orleans when the battle was fought. He had been buying cotton in anticipation of rising prices when the war permitted exports.

Jackson took Mr. Mullanphy's cotton bales to make the breastworks behind which he awaited the approach of Packenham. Mullanphy protested to Jackson that his property would be damaged by such use. "This is your cotton?" asked Jackson. "Then no one has a better right to defend it. Take a musket and stand in the ranks." Jackson's biography says that the musket was placed in the Missourian's hands. Presumably Mullanphy made good use of it, for after the battle he obtained a most advantageous settlement with "Old Hickory," a settlement which enabled him to return to St. Louis and to take his position as "the first Missouri millionaire." John F. Darby had from Mr. Mullanphy these details of the transaction which made Mr. Mullanphy the richest Missourian:

"After the battle was over, Mr. Mullanphy said he could hear people on all sides saying they would look to the government for their cotton; and he knew it would take a long time to get money out of the government. Great delay, much expense, and an act of Congress would have been required. He went to General Jackson, and said if he would order the same number of sound bales, not torn by cannon balls or damaged in any way, returned to him as had been taken from him, he would give a release for all claims upon the government. General Jackson directed his quartermaster to do this, and Mullanphy received the same number of sound bales as had been taken from him. All the balance of the cotton used in the breastworks was put up at auction and sold for a mere trifle.

"No cotton could be sold for more than three or four cents apound. After the battle Mr. Mullanphy seemed to have a premonition that peace would be made soon. The mails were carried to New Orleans at that time all of the way on horseback via Natchez. No steamboats were running there at that date, and no mail coaches ran in that flat swampy country. Mr. Mullanphy hired a couple of men to take a skiff and row him up the Mississippi river to Natchez. They ate and slept in the skiff. No one knew the object of his visit; the men with him knew nothing of his purpose, and were left in charge of the skiff on their arrival at Natchez, with injunctions to stay in the boat all of the time, as he did not know what minute he might want to return. He went up into the town of Natchez and sauntered around, when late in the evening the post rider came riding at full speed, shouting, 'Peace! Peace!', having, it was said, got a fresh horse every ten miles to hasten the glad tidings and prevent the further destruction of life. Mr. Mullanphy ran down to the river, jumped into his skiff, and ordered his men to row with all their might for New Orleans, as he had important business there to attend to. The men knew not what

had occurred, and rowed all night and all next day with the swift current of the Mississippi, reaching New Orleans in good time. Mr. Mullanphy was the only man in the city who had the news of peace. He was self-composed,—showed no excitement. He began purchasing all the cotton he could buy or bargin for. He had about two days the start of the others. Late in the evening of the second day, from the large amount of cotton purchased by him, people began to talk and to suspect that he had some secret information. The third day in the morning, the whole town was rejoicing; news of peace had come, and cannons were announcing it. But Mr. Mullanphy had the cotton. Mr. Mullanphy chartered a vessel and took the cotton, which he had purchased at three or four cents a pound, to England, where he sold it, as was reported, at thirty cents a pound. And a part of the specie and bullion brought back with him as the returns from his cotton was sold by him to the government of the United States, on which to base the capital for the Bank of the United States."

The Bartons had much to do with the statehood movement. It is a good guess that the admirable form of petition was the handiwork of David Barton. David, Joshua and Isaac Barton were sons of a Baptist minister of North Carolina. The Rev. Isaac Barton was an associate of John Sevier's patriots who won the victory at King's Mountain, a battle of the Revolution which impressed the British government, more than almost any other engagement, with the invincible courage of the Americans. David Barton became the first judge of the circuit court of St. Louis; Joshua, the first United States District Attorney of St. Louis; and Isaac, the first clerk of the United States District Court of St. Louis. David was elected to the United States Senate. Joshua Barton was killed in the duel with Rector. Isaac Barton continued clerk of the United States District Court more than twenty-one years. The brothers had read common law and were acquainted with the English system. When they arrived in St. Louis they found themselves disqualified to practice under the civil law which had been continued in force. A territorial legislature was elected. The Bartons, with the half a dozen other American lawyers who had come to St. Louis, had influence enough to wipe out the old code. They got through an act which made the basis upon which

the statutes of Missouri are founded. What they did was to pass an act making the common law of England and certain British statutes, not inconsistent with the Constitution and statutes of the United States, the law of Missouri Territory. That was done in 1816. The American lawyers were then ready for clients.

Circuit judges were authorized to perform the marriage ceremony when the courts were established under American authority. David Barton, the first circuit judge, had a form which was marvelously brief. The parties stood up.

The judge.—"—— ——, do you take —— —— to be your wife?"

The man.—"I do."

The judge.—"—— ——, do you take —— —— to be your husband?"

The woman.—"I do."

The judge.—"The contract is complete. I pronounce you man and wife."

David Barton was known as "Little Red." He got the name when he delivered a speech which made him famous throughout the country. The Senate chamber was crowded. Barton had taken sides against the Jackson policies. His arraignment and condemnation of the administration for years ranked as one of the greatest speeches heard in the Senate. The audience became intensely excited. At the close, while people were crowding out of the galleries, there came a mighty shout: "Hurrah for the little red!" This was repeated again and again in the corridors of the capitol by the Missouri frontiersman who had been a listener. When the man became calm enough to explain he said the original "little red" was a game rooster he owned which could whip any fighting cock pitted against him. When he heard Senator Barton "putting his licks" into the Jackson crowd and "bringing them down every flutter," he couldn't help thinking of the victories of his "little red." The newspapers took up the application. Barton went by the name of "Little Red."

Rev. Timothy Flint, the New England minister who lived in Missouri from 1816 to 1820, and afterwards wrote his recollections, described the Missourian of that period:

"He is generally an amiable and virtuous man. He has vices and barbarisms peculiar to his situation. His manners are rough. He wears, it may be, a long beard. He has a great quantity of bear or deer skins wrought in his household establishment, his furniture and dress. He carries a knife or dirk in his bosom, and when in the woods has a rifle at his back and a pack of dogs at his heels. An Atlantic stranger, transferred directly from one of our cities to his door, would recoil from an encounter with him. But remember, that his rifle and his dogs are among his chief means of support and profit. Remember, that all of his first days here were passed in dread of the savages. Remember, that he still encounters them, still meets bears and panthers. Enter his door and tell him you are benighted, and wish the shelter of his cabin for the night. The welcome is indeed seemingly ungracious: 'I reckon you can stay,' or 'I suppose we must let you stay.' But this apparent ungraciousness is the harbinger of every kindness that he can bestow, and every comfort that his cabin can afford. Good coffee, corn bread and butter, venison, pork, wild and tame fowls, are set before you. His wife, timid, silent, reserved, but constantly attentive to your comforts, does not sit at the table with you, but like the wives of the patriarchs stands and attends to you. You are shown the best bed the house can afford. When this kind of hospitality has been shown you as long as you choose to stay, and when you depart and speak about your bill, you are most commonly told with some slight remark of resentment that they do not keep tavern. Even the flaxen-haired children will turn away from your money. If we were to try them by the standard of New England customs and opinions, there would be many that would strike us offensively. They are averse to all, even the most necessary, restraints. They are destitute of the forms and observances of society and religion, but they are sincere and kind without professions, and have a course but substantial morality."

Brackenridge, as he traveled through Missouri Territory, observed and wrote of the qualities of the Missourians one hundred years ago:

"The frontier is certainly the refuge of many worthless and abandoned characters, but it is also the choice of many of the noblest souls. It seems wisely ordered that in the part which is weakest, where the force of laws is scarcely felt, there should be found the greatest sum of real courage, and of distinterested virtue. Few young men who have migrated to the frontier are without merit. From the firm conviction of its future importance, generous and enterprising youth, the virtuous, unfortunate and those of moderate patrimony, repair to it that they may grow up with

the country, and form establishments for themselves and families. Hence in this territory there are many sterling characters. Amongst others I mention with pleasure that brave and adventurous North Carolinian, who makes so distinguished a figure in the history of Kentucky, the venerable Colonel Boone. This respectable old man in the eighty-fifth year of his age resides on Salt river, up the Missouri. He is surrounded by about forty families, who respect him as a father, and who live under a kind of patriarchal government, ruled by his advice and example. They are not necessitous persons, who have fled for their crimes or misfortunes, like those that gathered about David in the cave of Adullam; they all live well and possess the necessities and comforts of life, as they could wish. They retired through choice. Perhaps they acted wisely in placing themselves at a distance from the deceit and turbulence of the world. The enjoy an uninterrupted quiet and a real comfort in their little society, beyond the sphere of that larger society where government is necessary; where without walls of adamant and bands of iron, the anarch fiend or the Monster Despotism would trample their security, their happiness and their dearest possessions under foot. Here they are truly free; exempt from the vexing duties and impositions, even of the best governments; they are neither assailed by the madness of ambition, nor tortured by the poison of party spirit. Is not this one of the most powerful incentives which impels the wandering Anglo-American to bury himself in the midst of the wilderness?"

In those early days, as the newcomers flocked into Missouri, those who had come earlier and who "kept tavern" had a way of classifying the new arrivals as northerners or southerners, without questions. If the stranger asked for sweet milk he was from north of the Ohio river—from New England or one of the middle states. If he called for sour milk, that identified him as from the South. Sweet milk sold in St. Louis at twenty-five cents a gallon. Sour milk was eighteen and three-quarters cents a gallon.

An early traveler in Missouri told of the surprises to be met. He said it was impossible to form an idea from the exterior of some of the houses what might be found within. Speaking of the arrival at a rather unprepossessing habitation, he said:

"Here we were politely received and entertained in the house of a gentleman formerly of New York. A large and splendid collection of books, several articles of costly furniture and, above all, manners and conversation like those of

the better classes in our cities, formed here a striking contrast to the rules in the solitary cabin."

Missourians one hundred years ago located their claims along the rivers and creeks. They chose timber land in preference to prairie every time. They cut and grubbed and burned rather than break the rich prairies. There were reasons for this. One was that game which helped out the living was more plentiful in the forests. Another explanation was that upon the fertile black soil of the prairie the sod had formed six inches thick and the pioneers had only weak, wooden-mold plows with iron points. A clearing of trees and brush left ground "as mellow as an ash heap" which could be worked with primitive tools. Not only were there turkey roosts and haunts of other game in the brush, but honey trees were numerous. The stories of the bee hunters handed down through the generations are almost beyond belief. There are many localities which were chosen for the settlements of one hundred years ago because of the abundance of wild honey. It seemed to the pioneers as if every hollow tree was a hive. What stonger proof of varied and profuse flora could be furnished!

With what lack of appreciation the rich prairies of Missouri were viewed by early settlers, Beck tells in his Gazetteer of Missouri. This book was published in 1823. Mr. Beck was an author of scientific attainments. He wrote:

"The prairies, although generally fertile, are so very extensive that they must for a great lenght of time, and perhaps forever, remain wild and uncultivated, yet such is the enterprise of the American citizen—such the immigration to the West, that it almost amounts to presumption to hazard an opinion on the subject. Perhaps before the expiration of ten years, instead of being bleak and desolate, they may have been converted into immense grazing fields, covered with herds of cattle. It is not possible, however, that the interior of these prairies can be inhabited; for, setting aside the difficulty of obtaining timber, it is on other accounts unpleasant and uncomfortable. In the winter the northern and western blasts are excessively cold, and the snow is drifted like hills and mountains, so as to render it impossible to cross from one side of the prairie to the

other. In summer, on the contrary, the sun acting upon such an extensive surface, and the southerly winds, which uniformly prevail during this season, produce a degree of heat almost insupportable.

"It should not, by any means, be understood that these objections apply to all prairies. The smaller ones are not subject to these inconveniences; on the contrary, they are by far the most desirable and pleasant situations for settlement. They are of this description in the country of which we are treating; surrounded by forests, and containing here and there groves of the finest timber, watered by beautiful running streams, presenting an elevated, rolling or undulating surface, and a soil rarely equaled in fertility."

Of home life in Missouri one hundred years ago, the most graphic and detailed description has been given by Dean Walter Williams of the School of Journalism at Columbia, Missouri. Not all of the 40,000 Missourians lived this pioneer life as described, but many of them did.

"The Missourian's cabin," according to Dr. Williams, "was from fourteen to sixteen feet square, seldom as much as twenty feet. It was built ordinarily without glass, nails, hinges, or locks. Large logs were placed in position as sills. Upon these were laid strong sleepers, and upon the sleepers rough-hewed puncheons to serve as floors. The logs for the cabin walls were then built up until the desired height for the eaves was reached. On the ends of the building were placed logs longer than the other end logs, projecting some eighteen inches over the sides, these were called 'butting poles sleepers.' And on their projecting ends was placed the 'butting poles,' which gave the line to the first row of clapboards. The clapboards were split, and, as the gables of the cabin were built, were so laid on as to lap a third of their length. They were usually kept in place by a heavy weighted pole laid across the roof parallel to the ridge pole. The cabin was then chinked and daubed.

"A large fireplace was built in one end of the house, where, in the days before the coming of stoves, there was fire for cooking purposes and in winter for warmth. Sometimes the ceilings were covered with the pelts of the wolf, the opossum and the raccoon, adding to the warmth of the cabin. Greased paper served for windows. Often a log would be left out on one side and sheets of paper greased with coon grease or bear oil placed in its stead let in the light for the cabin. Bedsteads were sometimes so contrived as to be drawn up and fastened to the wall in the day time or when not in use, affording more room on the cabin floor for the family. The furniture was ordinarily entirely made with ax and auger. Knives and forks were often not to be found in the cabin. Horse collars were made of braided husks of corn sewed together. Oxen were ordinarily used for transportation purposes.

"The dress of the fashionable pioneer woman was usually made plain, with four widths in the skirt and the two front ones cut gored. The waist was made short and across the shoulders behind was a draw string. Enormous sleeves were worn, tapering from shoulder to wrist, sometimes so padded as to resemble a bolster at the upper part, and known as 'mutton-leg' or 'sheep-shank' sleeves. Heavily starched linings often kept the sleeves in shape, or feathers were used which gave the sleeves the appearance of inflated balloons from the elbow up. Many bows and ribbons were worn, but scarcely any jewelry. Often in summer weather, when going to church and other public assemblage, the women walked barefooted until near their destination, when they put on their shoes or moccasins. Many pioneer women never saw the interior of a dry-goods store.

"The food of the Missouri pioneer was largely wild meat and vegetables from the home gardens. Small crops of corn were raised and beaten in a mortar into a meal. A course but wholesome bread was made from this meal, full of grit. Mush and milk was an ordinary dish for supper, while corn pone was served at dinner. Greens, dock and poke, were eaten. The vegetables from the truck patch or garden were ordinary roasting ears, pumpkins, beans, potatoes and squashes. Tea and coffee were rare and were regarded as chiefly designed for women and children. Eggs sold in those days at three cents a dozen, honey and butter at five cents a pound.

"The pioneer Missouri women manufactured most of the clothing worn by the family. Their own gowns were usually of 'linsey woolsey.' The chain was of cotton and the filling of wool. The fabric was usually plaid or striped and in colors according to the maker's taste. The colors most often found were blue, copperas, turkey red, and light blue. In every cabin was a card loom and spinning wheel, regarded as necessary for the women as the rifle was for the men. Cotton was grown abundantly in Central Missouri and woven into cloth. Rolls were spun on little and big wheels into two kinds of thread, one the chain and the other the filling. Only the more experienced spinners spun the chain and the younger ones spun the filling. Two varieties of looms were used by the pioneer Missouri women. The frame of the side loom consisted of two pieces of scantling running obliquely from the cabin floor to the cabin wall. Some years afterward the frame loom, a decided improvement, came into use.

"Men and boys wore 'linsey woolsey' hunting shirts. The jeans were ordinarily colored either light blue or butternut. Sometimes the dressed skin of the deer was made into pantaloons. When a young man desired to look especially captivating in the eyes of the maiden whom he loved, he wore fringed deerskin trousers. Caps were made of the skins of the fox and wolf, wildcat and muskrat, tanned with the fur on. Both women and men wore moccasins, which in dry weather were excellent substitutes for shoes. In those days there were no shoemakers, each family making its own shoes.

"Missourians of one hundred years ago were separated from their neighbors often by miles. There were no churches in many sections to call them together, no regular services outside of the few towns. Hence it was that with much cheerfulness that these pioneer Missourians accepted invitations to house-raisings, log-rollings and corn-huskings. To be present at these occasional gatherings it was considered no hardship to go long distances. It was the custom when men were invited to one of the gatherings just mentioned to include notice to the women folks that at the same time a quilting bee would take place. The bread provided for these frolics was baked generally on 'johnnycake' or 'journeycake' boards and in the words of one oldtimer, 'was the best corn bread ever made.' A smooth board two feet long, eight inches wide and rounded at the ends was the standard 'johnnycake' baking utensil. The mixed meal was spread out on this board which was placed in a leaning position in front of the fireplace. One side was baked and then the cake was turned on the board. The baking was a slow process, the board being kept before the fire until the meal was thoroughly cooked. At log-rollings and house-raisings it was the custom to furnish liquor.

"One hundred years ago the Missouri farmer did not husk the corn on the stalk. The ears were snapped in the husk and hauled home and thrown in a heap by the side of the crib, so that the ears when husked could be thrown into the crib. The neighbors for a considerable distance, men and women, were invited to the 'husking,' as it was called. Married and unmarried women and men engaged in the shucking bees. Two expert huskers were selected as captains, and the heap of corn divided as nearly equal as possible. Rails were laid across the pile to designate the division. Each captain chose alternately his huskers, men and women. The contest between the two parties to see which could finish first shucking often became exciting. Whenever a man husked a red ear of corn he was entitled to a kiss from any one of the girls. This frequently excited much fuss and scuffle, which was intended by both parties to end in a kiss. It is said to have been a general practice that whiskey was used at these husking frolics, men and women drinking together out of a bottle, without glass or cup. The dance followed the completion of the husking. Jigs and four-handed reels and three-handed reels were usually engaged in. Seldom was there drunkenness. No sitting down was indulged i n. Every one stood up or danced."

The first Baptists to become residents of Missouri are said to have been Thomas Bull and his wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. Lee, who settled near what is now Jackson in 1796. Two or three years later, Rev. Thomas Johnson, a Baptist preacher, came to the Cape Girardeau district on a visit. He

baptized Mrs. Agnes Ballew in Randol's Creek. This was said to have been the first Protestant baptism west of the Mississippi. Bethel Baptist church was organized in Cape Girardeau district July 10, 1806, at the home of Thomas Bull by Rev. David Green, who had moved from Virginia. In 1807, William Matthews was chosen "singing clerk." The next year Thomas Wright and two members of his family were excluded for holding "Armenian views." In 1811, John Reynolds was excluded for joining a Masonic lodge. In 1818 it was resolved by the church that Hannah Edwards be allowed to wear gold earrings for the benefit of her health. An entry in the church minutes in 1818 read:

"Church in conference: Query: If a member is constrained to shout, shall the church bear with it? Answer: Yes."

A noted Methodist preacher in Southeast Missouri about 1817, was Rucker Tanner. He was a man of very dark complexion and when young was wild. The story was told of him that when a boy he went with an older brother to New Orleans. The two spent all of their money. The older persuaded the other to let him sell him as a negro slave, got the money and disappeared. After some time the boy convinced his master that he was white and was freed. He started to walk home to Missouri, made the acquaintance of a local preacher and hired out to him. In the course of time he was converted and decided to become a preacher. His employer encouraged him. Years after he had been given up for dead, Rucker Tanner came back to the New Madrid district and made himself known to relatives. He accepted an appointment to preach. The congregation that assembled to hear him was the largest that had assembled in that part of Missouri.

Millard Fillmore Stipes, the author of "Gleanings in Missouri History," gives on authority of Judge Fagg, this description of a Pike county religious service:

"One of the earliest settlers in Pike county was John Mackey, who erected his cabin near a line of bluffs which marked the western boundary of Calumet Creek Valley. It was of the usual pioneer style unhewn logs

and puncheon floor. There was one room below, and a loft above where the older children slept. On the afternoon of a bitterly cold day in 1821, an itinerant preacher rode into the little settlement that had sprung up about the Mackey cabin. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening, Aunt Nancy Mackey, devout and hospitable, induced the itinerant to preach at her cabin that night. Couriers went through the snowstorm to the neighbors, and a goodly number trailed through the drifts to the appointed place. The storm had driven a score or more of hogs beneath the cabin for shelter, and when the preacher arose to announce his text the porkers, in their individual efforts to secure a warm berth near the great fireplace, set up such a squealing that the efforts of the preacher to make himself heard were unavailing. Presently some degree of quiet was obtained and the services began. But a little later, however, a gust of wind blew open the door which some late comer had not securely fastened, and in strode an old sow with a nonchalance that indicated perfect familiarity with the room. The small boy of the family gave her a welcoming shout, and, jumping astride her back, with one of her ears grasped in each hand, rode the squealing animal around the room, much to the consternation of the female portion of the audience.

"After several circuits of the room, the boy and his steed passed out the door. But not yet were the interruptions over. A flock of geese had, in the meantime, walked in at the open door, and, keeping up a loud hissing and scattering, refused to withdraw. But Aunt Nancy was equal to the occasion. Taking an ear of corn from the jamb, she walked balkwards through the open door, shelling the corn and coaxing the fowls in her most persuasive tones. The flock once outside, the door was closed, and the interrupted discourse concluded. It is said that these occurrences were accepted as a matter unavoidable. The audience was patient and the equanimity of the preacher undisturbed, while Aunt Nancy folded her arms as complacently as if such annoyances were not out of the usual routine."

In "Pioneer Families of Missouri," is printed a letter written by a woman to her sister in Kentucky:

"The men and dogs have a fine time, but we poor women have to suffer. We pack water from one-half mile to one mile for cooking and washing. My advice is, stay where you are. But if you see any one coming to this country, send a plank cradle for poor little Patrick. His poor little back is full of hard bumps, lying in a cradle George made out of a hollow log with a piece of wood for a pillow. George and I attended a wedding last week. The preacher, a hard-shell Baptist, had a long buckskin overcoat. The groom was in his shirt sleeves, with white cotton pants that came just below his knees, and white cotton socks and buckskin slippers on his feet. The girl was dressed in a low-necked, short-waisted, short-sleeved white cotton dress that was monstrous short for a girl like her. She had on buckskin slippers and her hair was tied with

a buckskin string, which is all the go here. And when the preacher was spelling and reading the ceremony from the book, the girl commenced sneezing and the buckskin string slipped off her hair, which fell all over her face, and every body laughed."

An early marriage ceremony in Livingston county took place with the couple on one side of Medicine creek and Squire Jordan on the other side. The creek was booming. The young man swam the stream and brought the squire down from his house. Then the young man swam back and took his place beside the young woman. Squire Jordan couldn't swim. He wanted to postpone the ceremony a few days until the creek went down. The young folks wouldn't have it. They joined hands and told the squire to go ahead. The questions and answers were shouted across the creek and the knot was tied. Medicine creek got its name, according to tradition, because a country doctor in trying to swim it lost his "pill bags," as they were called.

A thriving Missouri industry of one hundred years ago was the booming of townsites. According to an early writer on Missouri, "towns were laid out all over the country and lots were purchased by every one on credit; the townmaker received no money for his lots, but he received notes of hand which he considered to be as good as cash; and he lived and embarked on other ventures as if they had been cash in truth."

Near the center of Benton county a town called Osage was established. The founders showed their faith by settling there with their families. They ventured the prediction that "the population of this place will reach several thousand in five years and ever after to be second to St. Louis only." Osage depended upon the navigation of the Osage River. Among the inducements held out to encourage newcomers was the promise to "establish a seminary of learning, to be conducted by one of the best scholars, a graduate of an eastern college, that can be procured. Female teachers from Massachusetts will be likewise employed at the Osage Sem-

inary." At that time the great diagonal trail from Palmyra in Northeast Missouri to Springfield in Southwest Missouri and thence to Red River, crossed the Osage at the place selected for the new city. The site of Osage was on the table-land overlooking Bledsoe's Ferry, which became historic. Osage had a beautiful location. The promoters told of the wonderful natural resources. They built a hotel and planned warehouses, expecting to take care of the trade of a large section of Central Missouri. Had transportation been limited to water their great expectations would, in some degree, have been realized. Osage became a reminiscence.

In 1820 one of the ambitious townsites was at the junction of the Missouri and Osage rivers. "Lots to the amount of $20,000 or $30,000 were sold," according to the Gazetteer, "but the move was a premature one and no improvement was made there. The best corner lots are still encumbered with the native crabtree and the principal streets are thickly shaded with hazel. The business there is carried on by a single concern. This is the commission and forwarding house of Raccoon, Possum & Company. The operation of this house, or the broken surface of the country, may have given the reproachful name of 'Varmint County' to Cole, which it never deserved."

At an old settlers' reunion on the fairgrounds of Keytesville forty years ago, Charles G. Cabell gave this reminiscence of one of the lost towns of Missouri very promising a hundred years ago:

"The town of Chariton was a rival of St. Louis, and was nearly, if not quite as large. This opinion was so strong that many persons flocked to Chariton, believing it would become the largest city in the territory. Uncle Billy Cabeen exchanged lots in St. Louis for lots in Chariton, foot for foot. He improved the lots in Chariton, lived many years on them, and died on them, respected by a large circle of friends and by all who knew him. Chariton occupied a level of ground half a mile north and south, lying between large hills on the east and Chariton river on the west—or something less than half a mile in width. In some portions of the town the houses were very close together, and were built of brick. It was supposed to contain several thousand inhabitants. If Yankee Doodle was to pass through the place now he could not see the house for the town—the reverse of which was the case with him on a former

occasion. The town of Chariton could boast of as good society as any city in America, having men of great literary attainments, of skill in their professions, and of great social endowments, representing almost all the noted institutions of learning in this country; even Edinburgh, Scotland, was represented."

The politicians at St. Louis were not behind in reaping their share of the townsite harvest. Duff Green, one of the makers of Missouri in the legislative sense, who afterwards removed to the national capital and became a widely-known journalist, was the promoter of Bluffton which he located on the Missouri River forty miles above Chariton.

"From its local situation" said Mr. Green in his announcement, "it promises not only to become the seat of justice for the county soon to be formed of the rich lands lying on Crooked and Fishing rivers, but also offers great inducements to mechanics, manufacturers, merchants and all citizens who are disposed to live in a village. It is laid off on a liberal scale. Dr. B. F. Edwards, living on the premises, is authorized to dispose of lots, and mechanics and actual settlers who will put improvements to be agreed on shall have lots gratis. A word to the wise is sufficient. Call, see and judge for yourselves."

The townsite of Bluffton is now a wheatfield.

Columbia was the name chosen in 1819 for a town which is not now in existence. The founders in announcing the sale of lots held out these alluring advantages in their prospectus:

"This is a pleasant and beautiful situation on the Missouri River, nearly opposite Missouriton, in the Sugar Tree Bottom, and about forty miles nearly west of Boonville. An order of court has been granted for a road to run from Boonville to Pinnacles, fifteen miles below this town, through the main street of which its continuance will have to pass. Consequently the great western communication will be through this town, which, combined with its navigable advantages, will render it one of the most public places on the Missouri. There are immense coal banks and a sufficiency of timber in its immediate vicinity. It is only four miles from the Salt Fork of Lamine River, and in a neighborhood rapidly populating."

Missouriton mentioned as a means of locating the proposed Columbia is unknown to this generation.

The file of the Intelligencer preserved by the State Historical Society at Columbia, derived considerable advertis-

ing patronage from the townsite promoters of one hundred years ago. The proprietors of the townsite of Nashville announced a week before Christmas, 1819, their philanthropic purpose to let their fellow Missourians in on the ground floor of a good thing. They said of Nashville:

"The town is laid off on a Spanish grant confirmed to the United States. The title to the property is indisputable. It is situated on the north bank of the Missouri River, near the mouth of Little Bonne Femme creek, about thirty miles below the town of Franklin. It promises to enjoy a large portion of the trade on the river, and from the convenience of its situation it will furnish many facilities to the transportation of the vast quantities of surplus produce of an extensive and salubrious soil. The landing at this town is at all seasons of the year superior to most other places and certainly inferior to none on the Missouri. We have concluded to give the public at large an opportunity of enjoying the profits arising from the increase of town property by offering at public sale a few lots in Nashville, at Franklin, on Saturday, the first of January, 1820."

The site of Nashville in the year 1917 contributed its full acreage to Missouri's great corn crop.

The story is told of a pioneer Missourian that after attending the land sales at Old Franklin, he started to go south of the river. Approaching the ferryman of the Missouri, he asked:

"Oh, stranger! What do you ask for ferrying man and horse over this 'ere little muddy fixin'?" The ferryman answered that the charge was a quarter of a dollar.

"Rip Roan! Take water!" shouted the pioneer as he sent his horse down the bank and into the river. The horse settled for a long swim and with the rider uttering encouraging words made the crossing and climbed the opposite bank. It is a matter of history that when General Dodge and a party of rangers were sent up from St. Louis to discipline the Miamis who had migrated from Ohio and were making trouble along the Missouri, they swam their horses across the river and surprised the Indians.

Some of the earliest French names were changed to suit the vernacular of newcomers. Thus an ambitious movement to establish a town on the Perche river resulted in the naming

of the site Persia. The location was on the trail from St. Charles to Franklin. The promoters of Persia announced their plans in a dignified prospectus:

"The proprietors of this town do not wish to exhibit on paper for purposes of speculation, as is too frequently the case, but wish purchasers to improve their lots and realize their value. Fifty lots will be given to merchants, mechanics, and persons wishing to improve the above town, on stipulated terms, viz., a lot out of each block, or in proportion to the number of blocks in said town a corner lot on which a building, frame, brick or stone, not less than two stories high, and eighteen by twenty-five feet, is enclosed by September 20 next."

Persia has no existence today, not even a solitary resident. The same is true of Columbus, the site of which was laid out on the bank of the Missouri at what was known as Petit Osage bottom. Columbus was heralded in 1819 in this announcement which appeared in the Intelligencer:

"Its natural advantages are not perhaps surpassed by any others on the Missouri River. There are several excellent springs of water, which may be conveyed to any part of the town. A large bank of stone coal convenient, also an established ferry, and from its central position, between the contemplated county lines, it is more than probable that it will become a county seat. Further description is thought unnecessary, as it is presumable that the purchaser will examine before he buys."

One of these lost towns of Missouri progressed so far beyond the lot-selling boom as to make a considerable showing in houses. This was America which was located a few miles above the junction of the Mississippi and the Ohio. In the advertisement of a lot sale to be held in America in 1820, the promoter paid his respects to those who had libeled the prospects of the new community. He said in print:

"The town was commenced a year ago and is improving rapidly; is a prominent seat of justice for the county, and commands the trade of an extensive, fertile and thriving tract of country. False and unfounded reports respecting its health and liability to overflow have been industriously propagated by folly and a mean jealousy of its superior advantages, the falsehood of which a visit to the place on that day must effectually detect."

First settlers in Missouri ground their grain by pounding it in a mortar with a pestle. The stranger coming to a cabin about nightfall could hear a long way off the pestle and mortar at work preparing the home-made meal and hominy for breakfast. In large families one member was kept busy with the pestle and mortar. A great improvement was the Armstrong mill. This consisted of two flat stones, the upper balanced on the lower by a pivot. A pin was fitted into a hole on the top stone in such manner as to make it revolve on the lower. With one hand on the pin and the other feeding the grain between the stones, the meal and coarse flour was turned out. This mode of grinding took a strong arm and tradition has it, suggested the name of the Armstrong mill.

As the settlers increased there came into existence grist mills to which these Missourians of one hundred years ago carried their corn to be ground. One of the earliest of these was in Howard county, at the Boonslick settlement. It was run by horse power. Walter Williams has told this story of the mill:

"Jacob Ish, of Saline County, tired of pounding corn with pestle in a mortar, went to the Boonslick mill to get some corn meal ground. He crossed the Missouri River at Arrow Rock and encamped in the river bottom on the opposite bank, with a number of other settlers from different parts of the country on their way with corn to be ground at the mill. Around the campfire stories were told of encounters with Indians and wild beasts, of adventures in the war of 1812, and there was heard the spirited music of the violin. There were two or three good performers on the instrument, and some of the members of the camp were 'limber as to feet and frisky as to heels.' Pigeon wings and double shuffles were executed in admirable style to the admiration of the lookers-on. The next morning camp was broken up early and the settlers started for the mill. Many of them had brought corn and shelled it on the wagon as they traveled. Upon reaching the mill it was thronged with customers, many of whom had been there for a week, patiently waiting their turn. The mill ran night and day. About four hundred yards away was a cabin, in which a very inferior article of corn whiskey was sold. Ish and party visited this establishement, and its occupants, on learning their business, said to them: 'You won't get your grinding for a month. Better fix to camp or else go back home.' Mr. Ish had come forty-five miles and did not propose to have his trouble for nothing. He kept away from the grogshop and made friends with the miller's wife. The same night a

man whose turn had come had gone to the grogshop and had become oblivious of the fact that he had come to the mill at all. He was not to be found. The miller's wife persuaded her husband to give Ish the turn of the drunken pioneer, and the next morning by nine o'clock he was on his way to the Saline County settlement in triumph, with forty bushels of unbolted meal in his wagon for himself and his neighbors.

"Jacob Ish had arrived in Missouri from Kentucky in 1817. With him came a number of immigrants from Kentucky and Indiana. They built their cabins along the trail, 'just far enough apart to enable the women to raise chickens.' The settlers were in a certain sense communists, particularly in the borders of Howard and Saline Counties. Their work was largely on the co-operative plan. They cleared and fenced a large field, which they divided into lots without any partitition fences. There every man planted his crop. The entire settlement contributed toward making the crop in the 'Big Field' as it was called. The field increased from forty to one thousand acres. Each settler was entitled to cultivate what he cleared and helped to fence; that is, made rails for. William Hays took the first wagon into Saline County. The women walked and carried their babies in their arms and assisted in driving a few head of stock during the day when on their way to the settlement. Upon camping at night they prepared the evening meal. The Old Trails road country abounded in all sorts of game, and wild meat of some kind was always to be found on the pioneer's table. Near the salt springs were buffalo, though not in large numbers. Elk were not very rare, while deer, turkeys, raccoons, opossums, squirrels and rabbits were so plentiful as almost to be had for the taking up anywhere. The hollow trees in the woods often contained raccoons or honey. The few hogs in the early settlements ran wild, as did the cattle. Hogs fed largely on wild potatoes, which grew abundantly. Hogs sometimes swam the Missouri River to return to their old homes. The woods were infested with wolves, catamounts, panthers and bears, and it was difficult to raise cattle or hogs.

"The Old Trails road settlers were, for the most part, hunting people and did not care much about acquiring extensive tracts of land or raising large crops or becoming farmers with no other vocation. They raised just as much corn as they thought would serve for the use of their families in furnishing bread and mush and enough vegetables to give variety to their dinners of game. They raised almost everything they had and they manufactured almost everything they wore. Their smokehouses were always well supplied with meats of various kinds and honey of the finest flavor. After the first year or two in any settlement there was usually plenty of meal in the chest and butter and milk in the springhouse or in the cellar. Very little coffee and sugar were used and tea was almost unknown. The pioneer family that had coffee once a week—Sunday morning for breakfast—was considered a high liver. Settlers would hunt and trap and secure furs and peltries, which they would exchange

for powder and shot and hunting knives for themselves, and cutlery, scissors, needles, thread, thimbles and a few other simple articles for the use of the women. These latter articles were particularly rare."

Jacob Coonce was a mighty hunter along the upper Osage and the Sac rivers. According to the local tradition, he built the first cabin in what is now the county of St. Clair. There were so many arrtactive locations in this hunter's paradise that Coonce found it hard to make a choice. He built first near the Sac river and later moved to a new location near Brush Creek. Coonce hunted with the old flintlock until someone told him of the new-fangled percussion. He started on horseback for St. Louis to have "Betsy," as he affectionately called his rifle, changed. He wore moccasins, buckskin leggings, a coonskin cap and carried a blanket. On the way he stopped at the place of Robert H. Sproull in Henry county, and told of his purpose in going to St. Louis. Sproull was a locksmith and convinced Coonce that he could do the job. "Betsy" was left with Sproull, but Coonce, having started, decided that he must go on to the metropolis. Coming back Coonce received his remodeled rifle, patted it fondly and said to it, "Old Bet, you and I have never been parted so long and we won't be again." Putting a load in the rifle and a cap in the new lock, Coonce looked about him for a mark. He saw a squirrel on the top of a tree. Raising the rifle, he sprung the new lock and brought down the squirrel. Turning to Sproull and smiling, Coonce said, "She is all right," and rode away to his home in the hills of the Osage country. Other white men came, the Waldos, the Culbertsons, the Gardners, the Burches and scores more, but the hunting continued good. The settler who was a good shot could go out any time and bring back a buck for dinner.

Samuel Cole, who came to Central Missouri a boy, told these hunting stories:

"When I was about twelve years old I started one morning to hunt for game. My brothers had an old flintlock rifle, which I carried withme. It was a large and heavy gun, and was so heavy that I could not shoot it without taking a rest. I came up the river, keeping near the bank, until

I got to where the courthouse now stands in Boonville. Under the trees, which then covered the ground in the courthouse yard, I saw five deer standing together. I selected one of the finest looking ones and fired. At the crack of my gun he fell; but when I went up to where he was, he jumped to his feet, and would have followed the other deer towards the river, had I not rushed up and caught hold of him, putting my arms around his neck. He pawed me with his sharp hoofs and horned me—his hoofs making an ugly gash on my thigh and his horns striking me on the forehead. The marks of both hoofs and horns I carry with me to-day. I held the deer until my dog came up. I then loaded the gun and shot him again, this time killing him. This was the first deer I ever killed, and although it was a dangerous undertaking, the experience only spurred me on to gather trophies of a similar character.

"I killed five bear just below the town—where Boonville now stands—and killed twenty-two bears in three days. I killed four elks in less than one hour's time. There was a few buffaloes in the county when I came, but these were soon killed or driven further westward. I never killed a buffalo, but caught five calves of a small herd near the Pettis County line. I have seen as many as thirty deer at one sight at Prairie lick. One day I went out upon the prairie, in the spring of the year, and saw about twenty deer—all lying down except one; this one was a sentinel for the herd. I approached within about three hundred yards of them and took my handkerchief, which was a large red bandana, and fastened it to the end of a stick and shook it a little above my head, when they all sprang to their feet and came towards me. A deer has much curiosity, and they were determined to find out, if they could, what the red handkerchief meant. When one of the largest of the number came within gunshot distance, I shot and killed it. I often repeated the handkerchief ruse with great success. I have killed and carried to the house three deer before breakfast."

At a celebration in Pacific on the Fourth of July, 1876, a letter from C. S. Jeffries, telling of pioneer life in Franklin county was read. Mr. Jeffries' recollections dated back to 1819 when his father's family settled on Labaddie Creek: "My father wintered in a log cabin on the Crowe farm near by. The cabin was 12x14 feet, with a sort of smokehouse adjoining, which we used as a parlor. With the cabin arrangements, and putting double covers on the wagons, we passed the winter admirably. Occasionally, when we had visitors, the boys would resort to a fodder pen with their buffalo robes, lying on one and covering with the other, where we would pass the night very quietly. Being winter, there was no danger from snakes, but it would not have been

so safe in summer, owing to the great number of rattlesnakes, copperheads, spreadheads and other reptiles equally poisonous. At that time the county of Franklin was in a great measure a wilderness, covered over with peavine, brush, rushes, buffalo grass, and every variety of growth and flowers. Stock kept in fine order winter and summer, with but little attention. There was but one road in the direction of our travel leading west from St. Louis, running near the Shaw mill trace, crossing the Bourbeuse River, below where Goode's mill now stands. The settlements were mostly confined along the Missouri River. The public lands were all vacant. What was tilled was held by virtue of improvements, and woe be unto him who dared to enter an improvement over his neighbor's head.

"At that day our farming operations were limited. Corn, wheat, tobacco, cotton and flax were the principal crops raised, and for home consumption only; farm riggins, bark collars, rawhide (tug trace) harness, and single trace of wood without iron; sleds and truck-wheel wagons, all wood. Milling was done at different places, according to distance. We had the rawhide band-wheel and the cog-wheel mill. The most of the Labaddie settlers had their milling done at or near Glencoe, on Hamilton's Creek, at a mill owned by Ninian Hamilton, one of the best men that God ever made. Our trading was done at St. Louis. Peltries, venison, hams, wild turkeys and furs, with cut money, nine 'bits' to the dollar were exchanged for such articles as were absolutely necessary for the family; no useless wants were gratified. Out of the cotton, flax and wool most of the clothing was manufactured by the wives and daughters. Not much calico was worn then, only five yards to the dress."

An old settler of Montgomery county, R. E. Scanland of Mineola Springs, remembered when he and his brother were chased out of a field by deer because they ventured too near the fawns. In his boyhood he built traps to catch quails which he sold for fifteen cents a dozen. Rabbit skins brought fifty cents a dozen at the hatter's shop.

"I recall also in those days we killed our hogs in the woods, where they were fattened on acorns, and we could have all the honey we wanted by going into the timber and chopping down a bee tree. And, just think of it! There was a rise in the price of wheat, and it got to be worth three bits (37½ cents) a bushel, struck measure. Good horses were worth $20 to $24 and oxen $15 to $20 a yoke. Milk cows from $7 to $13 each. The

kind of rails Abe Lincoln made cost 37½ cents per 100—that was the price paid for 'making them.' A negro would hire by the year for $40 for the twelve months and two suits of cotton or linen clothing and two blankets. The best class of work hands got $8 a month and the common ones $3 to $4 a month. All of our shoes and clothing were home-made, and yet those were our happiest days, even if we did have biscuit only once a week. and that on Sunday morning. Venison and wild turkey, with old-fashioned corn bread johnny cake and trimmings, were good enough for us and made life worth the living."

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French fur traders came up the Mississippi in their bateaux; they made homes for themselves; their descendants settled all the way from Ste. Genevieve to Femme Osage. Tennesseeans crossed over from the Seesaw State. There was not a well-known family of early days in Virginia or Kentucky that had not its flourishing Missouri branch. Every other Southern state sent its full quota. A current of Pennsylvania's blood was circulating in Missouri's population even before the state was admitted. The first governor of the state and the first mayor of St. Louis were Pennsylvanians. New Englanders and New Yorkers early saw the coming commercial advantages on the west bank of the Mississippi. They came to court them in numbers and were called "the Bostons." If the typical American is to be a composite, Missouri should furnish his earliest evolution. All sections of the country have contributed to the settlement of the state. Main traveled road from other countries led this way a century ago.

The coming of the McKnights and the Bradys was an event of 1809. John McKnight and Thomas Brady were the leading spirits in this lively crowd. Of the McKnights there were John, Thomas, James, Robert and William. The McKnights and the Bradys bought a boat at Pittsburg. They rowed down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis. The boat carried a stock of goods as well as the two families. The store of McKnight & Brady was opened. For a short time after their arrival, the McKnights and Bradys were spoken of as "the Irish crowd." Before the second year

was out the McKnights and Bradys were a power in the community. The second season after their arrival they were able to buy a lot sixty feet front on the corner of Main and Pine streets, in the business heart of the city. Here they did business successfully until they were able to erect in 1816 an imposing structure of brick, the first in St. Louis for a public house. There were stores downstairs, a hotel upstairs where was held in 1817 the first celebration, west of the Mississippi, of Washington's Birthday. McKnight & Brady amassed enough money at trade to go into real estate. They laid out what is now part of East St. Louis and called it Illinoistown. McKnight served on the grand jury. Brady presided at the first meeting of Irishmen to organize the Erin Benevolent Society. Thomas Brady married a daughter of John Rice Jones, who became one of the first three justices of the Supreme Court of Missouri. One of Thomas Brady's daughters married Ferdinand Rozier, the Second. The standing which the McKnights and Bradys quickly obtained in the community was shown by the selection of Thomas Brady to be one of the commissioners to receive subscriptions to the first bank established under charter from the territorial legislature in 1813. John McKnight was a commissioner to receive subscriptions to the second bank chartered, and Thomas Brady was elected a member of the first board of directors of the bank. St. Louis never had occasion to regret the coming of the McKnights and Bradys.

The McKnights were enterprising in many directions. Robert, one of the four brothers, in 1817 went on a trading expedition to Santa Fe and Chihuahua. This was at the same time that Jules DeMun and Auguste P. Chouteau went out with a stock of goods to do business with the Mexicans. The three young men from St. Louis were robbed of their goods and thrown into jail. There they remained two years. Their treatment was made the basis of a claim against Mexico by the United States. An indemnity of about one hundred thousand dollars was paid by Mexico. Another of the McKnights, John, a nephew of Robert, went out to Chihauhau in 1826 and accumulated a fortune in trade there.

When he returned to make his home near St. Louis he brought with him ten thousand dollars which Governor Armijo had given him to place to his credit. As the Mexican handed the money, he declined a receipt, saying "All that I want is your word." The McKnight road, one of the thoroughfares in the western suburbs of St. Louis, was named in honor of this family.

Immediately after the transfer of soveriegnty, Congress divided the country acquired into the Territory of Orleans and the Territory of Upper Louisiana. Upper Louisiana included all above a line drawn westward opposite Chickasaw Bluffs. This placed in Upper Louisiana part of Arkansas. The territory was subdivided into districts. The St. Louis district included the land lying between the Meramec and Missouri rivers, extending into what is Franklin county. In 1804 the village of Carondelet contained between forty and fifty houses. The inhabitants were chiefly French who had migrated from Canada. St. Ferdinand, which is Florissant now, had sixty houses. In the district of St. Louis there were 2,200 white people and 500 blacks after the American flag was raised. In the settlement of St. Louis there were between 1,000 and 1,100 people living.

St. Louis is commonly spoken of by historians as distinctly French at the time of the American occupation. That is true of the settlement between what is now Fourth street and the river front, but it is a fact that somewhat more than a majority—about three-fifths—of the population in the district of St. Louis were Americans.

In the northwestern part of what is now St. Louis county was a settlement called St. Andrews, which was one of the largest communities in the district. St. Andrews, according to tradition, was at one time larger than St. Louis in numbers. It was an agricultural community. Many Americans coming from Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky and Tennessee passed through St. Louis to make homes for themselves in St. Andrews. The Missouri river encroached upon the settlement. Those of the people who did not care to pursue agriculture came to St. Louis after the American flag was raised and

established themselves in business and in the professions. The American families who occupied the country around St. Andrews were encouraged by the Spanish governors during the decade preceding the transfer. They were given land. They were allowed to have services in their houses conducted by traveling preachers. One of the rulings of Governor Trudeau was that if no church bell was rung the worship according to Protestant faith would not interfere with Catholicism as the established religion of the colony.

John F. Darby left his recollection of St. Louis as he saw it for the first time in 1818. He was a small boy, the family coming from North Carolina that year:

"The town of St. Louis, at that time, contained about two thousand inhabitants, two-thirds of whom were French and one-third Americans. The prevailing language of the white persons on the street was French; the negroes of the town all spoke French. All the inhabitants used French to the negroes, their horses and dogs; and used the same tongue in driving their ox-teams. They used no ox-yokes and bows, as the Americans did, in hitching their oxen to wagons and carts; but instead had a light piece of wood about two or three inches thick and about five feet long, laid on the necks of the oxen, close up to the horns of the animals, and this piece of wood was fastened to the horns by leather straps, making them pull by the head instead of the neck and shoulders. In driving their horses and cattle they used the words 'chuck!' and 'see!' 'marchdeau! 'which the animals all perfectly understood.

"Colonel Auguste Chouteau had an elegant domicile fronting on Main street. His dwelling and houses for his servants occupied the whole square bounded north by Market street, east by Main street, south by what is now known as Walnut street, and on the west by Second street. The whole square was enclosed by a solid stone wall two feet thick and ten feet high, with port holes about every ten feet apart, through which to shoot Indians in case of attack. The walls of Colonel Chouteau's mansion were two and a half feet thick, of solid stone work; two stories high, and surrounded by a large piazza or portico about fourteen feet wide, supported by pillars in front and at the two ends. The house was elegantly furnished, but at that time not one of the rooms was carpeted. In fact, no carpets were then used in St. Louis. The floors of the house were made of black walnut, and were polished so finely that they reflected like a mirror. He had a train of servants, and every morning after breakfast some of those inmates of his household were down on their knees for hours, with brushes and wax, keeping the floors polished. The splendid abode with its surroundings had indeed the appearance of a castle.

"Major Pierre Chouteau also had an elegant domicile, built after the same manner and of the same materials. He, too, occupied a whole square with his mansion, bounded on the east by Main street, on the south by what is known as Vine street, on the west by Second street, and on the north by what is now known as Washington avenue, the whole square being enclosed with high, solid stone walls and having port holes, in like manner as his brother's."

In 1817 St. Louis had attained the degree of importance which demanded two ferry landings. Boats continued to bring travelers from the east side to the place where Auguste Chouteau had made the first landing near the foot of Market street. But another line ran to the other depression in the rocky front near the foot of Morgan street. The service, under competition, became regular; it continued to be primitive. Two kinds of boats were used. The slow-moving flat-bottomed craft without covering, was employed to cross over horses and wagons. A keel boat with four oars made quicker passage. Ferry transportation at St. Louis became progressive when John Day fixed up a boat with a stern wheel which was turned by a horse in a treadmill. As the patient animal climbed, the paddle wheel went round and the ferry churned its way across the Mississippi. In those days, when rivalry did not lead to cut rates, the tolls for ferriage was twenty-five cents for a human being; fifty cents a head for cattle and horses, fifty cents for a wagon or other vehicle; twelve and one-half cents a hundred for lumber or other heavy freight.

With 1818 came a new era in ferrying. Samuel Wiggins with his family arrived from Charleston, South Carolina. He had some means. He connected himself with the ferry business. He bought John Day's horse-power stern-wheeler. He acquired the interest of the Piggott heirs in another line. Gradually he consolidated and improved the service. He did not come too soon. In 1816 one of these frail ferry boats was upset by bad handling in the middle of the river. Dubay, the ferryman, two assistants and two passengers were drowned. As soon as steamboat navigation demonstrated its value, Captain Wiggins put into service a steam ferry. Other boats were added as the business grew. The "Wiggins Ferry" be-

came an institution of the city. It met public needs. If it had not been so well conducted St. Louis would not have waited until 1874 for the first bridge.

What the metropolis of Missouri was from the commercial and industrial view, Colonel Charless set forth in the Missouri Gazette of July 13, 1816:

"The opulent town of St. Louis may boast of a capital of nearly one million, and has few manufactories, no respectable seminary, no place of worship for dissenters, no public edifices, no steam mill or boat, no bank, and, I was going to say, no effective police. Mr. Philipson has lately established an excellent brewery, where excellent beer and porter are made. Mr. Wilt erected a red and white lead manufactory and threw into the market several tons of that useful article, his red lead has been admired as superior to that imported. Mr. Hunt's tanning establishment is of primary importance. Mr. Henderson's soap manufactory would be of great utility if it only received that patronage the proprietor so richly merits.

"I have no doubt that brickmakers and bricklayers, carpenters who could be satisfied with a moderate compensation for their labor, black- and whitesmiths, silversmiths, woolen and cotton carding and spinning machines and managers, tobacconists, nailers, gunsmiths, coopers, pump-makers, stocking weavers, wagon-makers, stone-cutters, boat-, barge- and ship-builders, rope-makers, cutlers and tool-makers, skin-dressers and many other employments would do well here. A man of capital and enterprise would soon accumulate a large fortune by erecting a steam flour- and saw-mill in this place; wheat sells here at one dollar per bushel (abundance raised in the country), and good merchantable flour is sure to command from eight to ten dollars per barrel. Corn generally rates at from twenty-five to fifty cents and will bring in meal from fifty to eighty-seven and one-half cents a bushel. Pine boards sell at four dollars and oak and ash at two and three dollars per hundred feet. Saw-logs could be brought to town at one dollar each. Five thousand barrels of whiskey are annually received here from the Ohio and sold at seventy-five cents a gallon, while thousands of bushels of grain are offered at a low price to any enterprising man who will commence a distillery."

Brackenridge told of the social conditions as he found them in St. Louis. Of the French he said:

"Amongst their virtues, we may enumerate honesty and punctuality in their dealings, hospitality to strangers, friendship and affection amongst relatives and neighbors.

"Their amusements were cards, billiards and dancing; this last, of course, the favorite. The dances were cotillions, and sometimes the minuet. Children have also their balls and are taught a decorum and propriety of behavior which is preserved through life. They have a certain ease and freedom of address, and are taught the secret of real politeness—self-denial.

"Their language, everything considered, is more pure than might be expected. Their manner of lengthening the sounds of words, although languid and without the animation which the French generally possess, is by no means disagreeable. They have some new words and others are in use which in France have become obsolete.

"In their persons they are well formed, of an agreeable, pleasant countenance, indicating cheerfulness and serenity.

"The dress of the females was generally simple and the variations of fashion few; though they were dressed in much better taste than the other sex. The American costume is generally introduced into the best families and among the young girls and young men universally. I never saw anywhere greater elegance of dress than at the balls in St. Louis.

"These people exhibit a striking difference when compared with the unconquerable pertinacity of the Pennsylvania Germans who adhere so rigidly to the customs, manners and language of their fathers. A few years have affected a greater change with the inhabitants of this territory than has been brought about among the Germans in fifty years.

"There was scarcely any distinction of classes in the society. The wealthy and more intelligent would, of course, be considered as more important personages, but there was no difference clearly marked. They all associated, dressed alike and frequented the small ball-room. They were, in fact, nearly all connected by the ties of affinity or consanguinity; so extensive is this that I have seen the carnival, from the death of a common relation, pass by cheerless and unheeded. The number of persons excluded was exceedingly small. What an inducement to comport one's self with propriety and circumspection! The same interest at stake, the same sentiment that in other countries influence the first classes of society, were here felt by all its members."

"Mimi" was a pet name for girls in the old French families a century ago. It was Indian and meant little pigeon. "Virginia" was a favorite name for daughters among the French families. The suggestion did not come from the Old Dominion state. Baby girls were christened Virginia because the mothers had read, tearfully, the story of Paul and Virginia. Bernardine de Saint Pierre's novel came out in 1797. It circulated all over the world and reached St. Louis.

The romance made the first literary impression on the village. It prompted the use of the name of the heroine many times.

Commingling of the elements of the population of St. Louis came promptly. There was no line of exclusion in business or matrimony. The evolution of the typical St. Louisan was rapid. Of the more than one thousand descendants of Madame Chouteau, the mother of St. Louis, not two hundred have borne French names. In the present generation these descendants are represented in families of six former nationalities.

The loveliest woman of St. Louis in 1812 was Isabelle Gratiot, granddaughter of Madame Chouteau. She had beauty of feature and charm of manner. The social event of that year was the marriage of Isabelle Gratiot and Jules DeMun, one of the best educated young men of the town, for St. Louis had not then become a city. Jules DeMun had lived in France and England. He had enjoyed the best of educational advantages. He spoke and wrote Spanish. His manners were gentle and retiring. The union was ideal. There were five daughters. Isabelle, the namesake of her mother, became the wife of Edward Walsh and their first-born was Julius S. Walsh. Julie DeMun married Antoine Leon Chenie. Louise was Mrs. Robert A. Barnes. Emilie became the wife of Charles Bland Smith. Walsh was from Ireland. Barnes was a native of the District of Columbia, descended from a Maryland family. Smith was a native of St. Louis, of Virginia and Kentucky descent. Only one of these four great-granddaughters of Madame Chouteau married into a French family. In his will Robert A. Barnes, who left a great estate to found a hospital, referred to Mrs. Barnes as "my beloved wife, the most devoted daughter, wife and mother I ever knew." Mrs. Barnes was a devout Catholic. There was not only no conflict of religious opinion between them but Mrs. Barnes coincided heartily with her husband in his plans to place his hospital bequest in the hands of Methodist trustees.

A romance of the decade, 1820-30, coming down to the present through family traditions, links the names of two of

the famous Coalter sisters with two St. Louians who became eminent. There were five of the Coalter sisters. The family was among the best of South Carolina. Three of the sisters married South Carolinians, William C. Preston, Chancellor Harper and Dr. M. Means. Edward Bates, the young St. Louis lawyer, courted Caroline J. Coalter. He was rejected, but so gently that the friendship between them continued. One of Edward Bates' strong characteristics was the ability to inspire confidence in himself. Miss Coalter was induced to admit to her suitor that her preference was for Hamilton Rowan Gamble, the young Virginia lawyer who had come out to join his elder brother Archibald. Miss Coalter explained that she could never marry Hamilton because of his habits. Edward Bates, so the tradition runs, went to Gamble, told him what he was losing and induced him to sign the pledge. Gamble kept the pledge. He became exemplary in his habits. In 1827 Hamilton Gamble and Caroline Coalter were married. But before that, Edward Bates had married Julia D. Coalter, the sister of Caroline. A third of a century later these two men, one of Virginia descent, with South Caolina wives, became leading characters in the opposition to secession of Missouri. Bates went into Lincoln's cabinet and Gamble became the war governor who organized Missouri for loyalty to the Union.

The seven daughters of Rufus Easton, the first postmaster of St. Louis, formed one of the most notable groups of young women during the years when St. Louis was passing through the transitions of village, town and city. The mother of the Easton girls was a New York lady of culture. As they grew up, the girls received the very best educational advantages which could be given them. Their hands were sought in marriage by some of the foremost young men of that generation. One of the sisters married Henry S. Geyer, the lawyer; another, Archibald Gamble, brother of the governor; a third, Major Sibley, with whom she founded Lindenwood seminary at St. Charles. Another of the Easton sisters became the wife of Thomas L. Anderson of Palmyra.

Strong and sometimes eccentric individuality characterized the Missourians of one hundred years ago. One of the early judges of the court in St. Louis was Nathaniel Beverly Tucker. He was a half brother of John Randolph of Virginia, a fine lawyer, but somewhat peculiar. On his country place in the Florissant valley, Judge Tucker found a great hollow sycamore tree when he bought the farm. He had the tree cut off ten feet from the ground, put on a roof, inserted a door and a window, moved in his desk and law books and made the hollow tree his law office. Judge Tucker loved solitude. He was especially averse to mingling with the "Universal Yankee Nation," as he called the northerners. When the first Missouri Constitution was in process of formation, in 1820, Judge Tucker told the framers they ought to put in a provision to prohibit Yankees crossing the Mississippi river. Edward Bates wanted to know Judge Tucker's idea of the kind of phrasing which would accomplish that. The judge replied that every immigrant presenting himself at the ferry on the Illinois side should be asked to pronounce the word "cow." If the traveler said "keow," he should be turned back.

John Graves kept the first hotel in Chillicothe. He started his "tavern house," as he called it, so early in the history of that community that many consider him the founder of the city. Graves had a very good opinion of his hotel management. He resented any fault-finding. One day a traveler complained about the cooking. He thought there ought to be something better than fat bacon floating in grease, corn pone and black coffee. Graves caught hold of the man's collar, pulled him away from his chair at the table and kicked him out the front door. "The blamed skunk," he said, "insulted my boarders and I won't stand it. My boarders eat my fare and like it; and when a man makes fun of my grub, it's the same as saying they haven't sense enough to know good grub from bad. I am bound to protect my boarders."

The chief end of Sam Thompson's life was to add to the gaiety of Grand River valley life. A rather serious-minded

and not well-informed settler in the Grand River country declared himself a candidate for justice of the peace. He treated the voters from a bucket of wild honey and was elected. Sam Thompson had a dog named Queen. The dog broke into Reub. Campbell's smokehouse and stole some meat. Campbell was the constable. Thompson prompted him to go to the new justice, make complaint against the dog and ask for a warrant. The justice issued the warrant alleging that "a certain dog of the name of Queen" had "stolen a piece of middlin' meat" and was guilty of larceny "against the peace and dignity of the State." Constable Campbell took the paper, went out and came back leading Queen by a string. Then Thompson presented himself and asked that he be allowed to appear as "next friend" to defend a "member of his household." He entered a plea of not guilty. The justice was entirely in earnest and very much impressed with the gravity of his first case. Witnesses were examined with great care. Thompson, apparently very much affected, cross-examined to preserve the "rights" of his client. He made a long and eloquent plea and in conclusion asked the justice, if he could not acquit, to at least "consider the respect and deference due the female sex."

The justice deliberated, said the dog was "guilty" and sentenced her to receive "thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, well laid on." Sam Thompson gave notice of appeal and went out to get a bondsman. About this time a relative of the justice went to him and exposed the conspiracy, telling him "for the Lord's sake, stop whar you are and don't make it no wuss." Along the Grand River valley the story of the dog case before the new squire was told for a generation.

When Sam Thompson was running for office in the Grand River country he sought to make the settlers feel he was one of the plain people. "I was born and reared in poverty, gentlemen," he said; "I went barefooted 'till I was of age, and I wore no other garment than a tow linen shirt until my arm was as big as an ear of corn."

Dr. Barlow was an eccentric character in Newton county. He dressed in knee-breeches, and black stockings, with a

curtain-calico blouse, and equally peculiar hat. On one occasion he attended religious services at the Hickory Creek schoolhouse, ostensibly for the sake of taking part in the singing, which he could do very well; but really to win notoriety. He was asked by Elder Hearrell why he went in such a dress, when he replied, "Well, I want to bring myself into notice." "And, Doctor, you have succeeded," was the elder's comment.

Thomas Maddin was one of the richest American settlers, while Lewis Bolduc was one of the principal business men of Ste. Genevieve. The two men had a dispute as to which was worth the most. Maddin offered to bet on his surplus. Bolduc accepted the wager and called for a half-bushel to measure the silver coin heaped in his cellar. As soon as he realized what was in sight, Maddin gave up, acknowledging that Bolduc had the most.

Judge Peck was a man of eccentricities. He was from the mountains of East Tennessee. While he stood six feet and was of fine physique, he had brothers who towered from six inches to a foot above him. The story followed Peck to St. Louis that because he was smaller than the other members of the family and unable to do as much work as they could on the farm, he was sent to school to become a lawyer. Peck came to St. Louis in 1818. His appointment to the Federal Bench occurred just after Missouri was admitted as a state. One of the judge's customs was to appear in court with a large white handkerchief bound around his head, covering the eyes. The handkerchief was put on before the judge left his home. A servant conducted him from his carriage into the court room and to the bench. The judge sat through the session blindfolded. Whenever it was necessary to present a paper to him, the contents were read aloud by the clerk or the counsel. The explanation given for this singular procedure was that the judge believed his eyes were affected and that he would go blind if he exposed them to the light. Judge Peck was a bachelor. He had at one time paid devoted attentions to a lady of St. Louis. There was a third

man in the case. Peck and his rival met in the street and fought about the lady. The rival was accepted.

Brackenridge, who practiced in the courts of the new territory a year or two, told the story of a trial before two of the recently appointed judges. The third judge was absent from the bench that day. No jury was required. The case was elaborately presented, and exhaustingly argued. The judges retired for consultation. When they came back there was an embarrassing pause. The counsel looked expectantly toward the bench. The judges bent on the papers. At length one of them said: "We are prepared to announce the finding of the court. We've split."

A mild-mannered, serious-faced, silent man was William H. Ashley. With knowledge of the force of character behind those peaceful-appearing features, the organizers of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company selected Ashley as the leader. Early in the spring two boats were loaded with goods for the Indians. Major Henry recruited and armed one hundred men, picking those who had seen service in the fur trade. The destination was the mouth of the Yellowstone far up the Missouri, in what is now Montana. Very complete, not to say elaborate, were the preparations. Perhaps no other expedition in the history of the fur trade was better planned. On the way to Ashley's boats a wagon load of powder exploded at Washington avenue and Ninth street. The owner of the wagon, a Mr. Labarge, and two of his men were killed. This was the beginning of misfortunes. When the expedition reached the Arickarees' country, General Ashley met the chiefs of that tribe. He gave them presents. He paid them for fifty horses. When his men went to the place where they were to receive the horses they were attacked. Fifteen of them were killed. The horses were stampeded. The boats were driven away from the bank. War was declared. General Ashley had sent part of his force with Major Henry overland to the Yellowstone. This detachment encountered the

Blackfoot Indians and lost four men and the goods it was transporting.

Ashley met the desperate situation with iron nerve. He waited until the United States troops had dispersed the Arickarees, who were blockading the Missouri. With more men and goods from St. Louis, he went on to the mouth of the Yellowstone. In his mind, Ashley had no doubt as to what had prompted the Indian hostility. As soon as he had established his base, he began a series of raids on the traders and Indian allies of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. The property stolen from him Ashley found scattered among the traders and Indians. While pursuing a band of the rival fur company's Indians, Ashley made a geographical discovery of great importance. The pursuit led him into the great South Pass of the Rocky Mountain Range. Ashley brought back to St. Louis the first knowledge of the vast interior between the Rocky and the Sierra ranges. He lost one-fourth of his men and half of his goods in the contest for trade supremacy in the Northwest. He came back to St. Louis in June, 1823, after fifteen months' hardships, the boats piled high with packs of beaver and other furs. The company's venture had been immensely remunerative. Beyond this, the traders of the Hudson Bay Fur Company had been driven out of the country and the Indians had been cowed. But of still greater importance to the coming generations, an easy way through the Rocky Mountain range had been found.

There were four Sublettes in the fur trade. William L. was the Captain Sublette. He was six feet two inches, tawny-haired and blue-eyed, with a deep scar on his face which told he was game. The Sublettes were descended of Kentucky stock on their mother's side from Wheatley, the companion of Daniel Boone, who was said to have killed Tecumseh. When William L. Sublette came to Missouri he started a billiard room. When William H. Ashley published his call of the spring of 1822 "to enterprising young men," William L. and Milton G. Sublette responded. The call said "the subscriber wishes to engage one hundred young men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed one,

two or three years." This meant fur trading, although the call did not say so. Andrew and Solomon P. Sublette, who were younger, joined their brothers later. Captain Sublette served with Ashley, and when the leader was ready to retire, became one of the party who brought him out. Twenty years William L. Sublette was a fur trader. Robert Campbell came to St. Louis from Aughlane, Ireland, when he was twenty. The doctors ordered him to the mountains for his health. Campbell joined one of Ashley's fur-trading expeditions. A warm friendship developed between Campbell and William L. Sublette. A partnership was formed. Campbell and Sublette, while with Ashley, were mountain fur traders. When they went into business for themselves they had the temerity to establish posts on the Missouri River. For several years they gave the American Fur Company the most serious competition it had. They accumulated handsome fortunes. Sublette lived in a large stone house on the hill south of Forest Park. He maintained a private zoo of wild animals he had tamed. His house was full of curiosities gathered in his mountain career. At the store which Sublette and Campbell conducted in St. Louis an Indian tepee was set up and inhabited by an Indian family. Captain Sublette surrounded himself with Indian retainers. When one of them died a grave was made in the private burying ground of the Sublettes. The Indians called the Captain "Fate."

Captain Sublette was a man of sentiment. He avoided conflict with the Indians with rare skill. When it was necessary to fight he did his full part. Famous in fur-trading history is the battle at Pierre's Hole with the Blackfeet. There Sublette and Campbell, with their shirt sleeves rolled up, grasping their pistols, charged a breastwork. Just before doing so, each of these close friends made a will remembering the other. Sublette was severely wounded. It was after this battle and the ensuing season that Sublette and Campbell returned to St. Louis; heading a train of pack-horses loaded with furs, and attended by hunters, guides and Indians. The outfit made an imposing procession a mile long.

After his retirement from active business, Captain Sublette had political aspirations. He wanted to go to Congress from St. Louis. He wrote to Senator Benton asking him for the appointment of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and died in 1845 while on the way to Washington to see about it.

William L. Sublette married an Alabama lady, Miss Frances Hereford, to whom his younger brother Solomon P. had been quite attentive. When the Captain died he left his fortune to Mrs. Sublette, on condition that she would not change her name. After a period of mourning the widow became the wife of Solomon P. Sublette. She did not change her name.

Andrew Sublette was a mighty bear hunter. The pelt was the smallest part of the consideration. Whenever Andrew Sublette found himself in new territory he tried the temper of the bears. He went to California with the Forty-niners, listened to stories of the ferocious grizzlies and went after them. He had a dog that liked bear fighting as well as he did. In the vicinity of Los Angeles Andrew Sublette came upon a grizzly and wounded it. The mate of the bear rushed out of the brush and attacked. Sublette was caught with unloaded gun. He drew his knife, and with the dog beside him, fought until he had killed the two bears. Man and dog were frightfully torn. Sublette lingered and died of the wounds. The dog remained by the bedside through the illness, followed his master's body to the grave and lay beside it. Refusing to eat or drink, he died.

Three of the volunteers who responded to Ashley's call were Mike Fink and his friends Carpenter and Talbot. They never came back to St. Louis, and their loss was the city's gain. Fink's favorite way of spelling his name was Micke Phinck. Carpenter and he frequently entertained a crowd of St. Louis boatmen with their feats of marksmanship. At seventy yards either one could shoot a tin cup of whiskey from the other's head. These three men traveled the rivers. They belonged to the roving "half horse, half alligator" tribe of boatmen. Mike Fink's last exploit before he left St. Louis to go fur hunting with Ashley and Henry was to shoot the

heel off a negro. The black boy was lounging on the levee. He had a protruding heel. Fink, at thirty yards, raised his rifle and fired. The boy dropped. Fink's defense was that he wanted to make the foot so that a genteel boot would fit it. Public sentiment in St. Louis did not accept this pleasantry. Fink was sent to jail. He got out in time to go with the Ashley expedition. Far up in the Northwest, above the Yellowstone, Fink and Carpenter quarreled. Apparently they made up. The next time they tried the tin cup experiment, Captenter told Talbot he believed Fink meant to kill him. The two men threw a copper to decide who should shoot first. Fink won. Carpenter gave his rifle and equipment to Talbot and took his position with the cup on his head. Fink aimed, and lowered his rifle; playfully telling Carpenter to "hold his noddle steady." Then he aimed again and fired. Carpenter was shot through the head. Fink said it was all a mistake and blamed his rifle. Several weeks went by. Fink bragged of killing Carpenter purposely. Talbot drew a pistol which Carpenter had given him and killed Fink. A short time afterwards Talbot was drowned, trying to cross the Teton River. The story seems incredible, but it is told in a letter-book of General William Clark possessed by the Kansas Historical Society at Topeka.

Missouri climate charmed the newcomers of one hundred years ago. It received the emphatic commendation of the travelers and visiting scientists. John Bradbury, an English naturalist, came to Missouri about 1811 and remained several years. He wrote from experience:

"The climate is very fine. The spring commences about the middle of March in the neighborhood of St. Louis, at which time the willow, the elms, and maples are in flower. The spring rains usually occur in May, after which month the weather continues fine, almost without interruption, until September, when rain again occurs about the equinox, after which it again remains fine, serene weather until near Christmas, when winter commences. About the beginning or middle of October the Indian summer begins, which is immediately known by the change that

takes place in the atmosphere, as it now becomes hazy, or what they term smoky. This gives to the sun a red appearance, and takes away the glare of light, so that all the day, except a few hours about noon, it may be looked at with the naked eye without pain; the air is perfectly quiescent and all is stillness, as if nature, after her exertions during the summer, was not at rest. The winters are sharp, but it may be remarked that less snow falls, and they are much more moderate on the west than on the east side of the Alleghanies in similar latitudes."

Bradbury became enamored with Missouri and made his home here. He built a house near a sulphur spring on the banks of the River des Peres and was living there as late as 1819.

Great expectation attended the government expedition headed by Major Long, which left St. Louis in 1819. The destination was the Upper Missouri. The purpose was a comprehensive military and scientific exploration of the country between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. In an editorial, the Missouri Gazette of April 21 said:

"The importance of this expedition has attracted the attention of the whole nation, and there is no measure which has been adopted by the present administration that has received such universal commendation. If the agents of the government who have charge of it fulfil the high expectations which have been raised, it will conspicuously add to the admiration with which the administration of James Monroe will hereafter be viewed. * * * * If the expedition should succeed, as we fondly hope and expect, and the views of the government should be carried into effect, the time will not be far distant when another nation will inhabit west of the Mississippi, equal at least, if not superior, to those which the ancient remains still found in this country lead us to believe once flourished here, a nation indeed rendered more durable by the enjoyment of that great invention of American freemen—a Federal Republic."

"White man bad man, keep great spirit chained and build fire under it to make it work a boat." This was an Indian's description of the Western Engineer, the craft which transported these government scientists.

Upon the arrival of the expedition at St. Louis, the Enquirer said of this remarkable marine architecture:

"The bow of the vessel exhibits a huge serpent, black and scaly, rising out of the water from under the boat, his head as high as the deck, darted forward, his mouth open, vomiting smoke, and apparently carrying the boat on his back. From under the boat, at its stern, issues a stream of foaming water, dashing violently along. All the machinery is hid. The boat is ascending the rapid stream at the rate of three miles an hour. Neither wind nor human hands are seen to help her; and to the eye of ignorance the illusion is complete, that a monster of the deep carries her on his back smoking with fatigue and lashing the waves with violent exertion."

The Indians thought they could see a long tongue dart out when the steam puffed forth from the serpent's head. They were horror-stricken.

Before they left St. Louis to go up the Missouri, the Long party made some local investigations. Mr. Say and Mr. Peale went down the river to the mouth of the Meramec and up that stream about fifteen miles. They had been told of the discovery of graves in that locality. The graves were said to contain skeletons of a diminutive race. So much had the story impressed the neighborhood, that a town which had been laid out bore the name of Lilliput. In one of the graves a skull without teeth had been found. This had been made the basis for another local theory that these prehistoric residents of the Meramec had had jaws like a turtle. The scientists found that the graves had been walled in neatly, and covered with flat stones. They opened several and saw that the bones were of ordinary size, seemingly having been buried after the flesh had been separated from them, according to the custom of certain Indian tribes. The skull with the turtle-like jaw was that of an old man who had lost his teeth.

The scientists satisfied themselves that there was nothing extraordinary in the contents of the graves. As the narrative was, they "sold their skiff, shouldered their guns, bones and spade, and bent their weary steps toward St. Louis, distant sixteen miles, where they arrived at 11 p. m., having had ample time, by the way, to indulge sundry reflections on that quality of the mind, either imbibed in the nursery or generated by evil communications, which incites to the love of

the marvelous, and, by hyperbole, casts the veil of falsehood over the charming features of simple nature."

The Long expedition gave to American geography "the Great American Desert." Long and his party of scientists explored Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma. They left the Missouri near Omaha. They went as far as the Rocky Mountains. They divided into groups and covered considerable territory, before they arrived at Fort Smith. In summing up his conclusions on the expedition, Major Long included in his sweeping condemnation northern Texas and the Dakotas.

"In regard to this extensive section of country," he wrote to the government, "we do not hesitate in giving the opinion, that it is almost wholly unfit for cultivation and, of course, uninhabitable by a people depending upon agriculture for their subsistence. Although tracts of fertile lands considerably extensive are occasionally to be met with, yet the scarcity of wood and water, almost uniformly prevalent, will prove an insuperable obstacle in the way of settling the country. This objection rests not only against the immediate section under consideration, but applies with equal propriety to a very much larger portion of the country."

It is here that Major Long spreads his desert idea over part of Texas and all of the Dakotas. He adds:

"Agreeably to the best intelligence that can be had, concerning the country northward and southward of the section, and especially to the references deducible from the account given by Lewis and Clark of the country situated between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, above the river Platte, the vast region commencing near the sources of the Sabine, Trinity, Brazos and Colorado, extending northwardly to the forty-ninth degree of north latitude, by which the United States is limited in that direction, is throughout of a similar character. The whole of this region seems peculiarly adapted as a range for buffaloes, wild goats, and other wild game, incalculable multitudes of which find ample pasturage and subsistence upon it."

Major Long found reason to congratulate the government that this Great American Desert was where, according to his observation, it was.

"This region, however," he wrote, "viewed as a frontier, may prove of infinite importance to the United States, inasmuch as it is calculated to serve as a barrier to prevent too great an extension of our population westward, and secure us against the machinations or incursions of an enemy that might otherwise be disposed to annoy us in that quarter."

Long was an officer of the government engineer corps, of high attainments. He had in his party a botanist, a zoologist, a geologist, a naturalist, a painter and topographers. These scientists of one hundred years ago agreed that Missouri was "the farthest west" for the expansion of American civilization.

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